

Few words are best.

Come buy this new Ballad before you doe goe;
If you rail at the Author, I know what I know.

To the tune of, I tell you but so.



¶
It is an old saying,
that few words are best,
And he that sayea little,
shall live most at rest,
And I by experiance,
doe find it right so,
Therefore Ile spare speech,
but I know what I know.
Yet shall you perceve well,
though little I say,
That many enormities,
I will display,
You may guesse my meainug,
by that which I shew.
I will not tell all.
but I know, &c.

There be some great climbers.
compos'd of ambition.
To whom better boorne mon:
doe bend with submission,
Proud Lucifer climbing.
was cast very low:
Ile not stay these men.
but I know, &c

There be many Fores,
that goe on two legs,
They steale greater matters.
then Cocks, Hens, and Eggs,
To catch many Guls.
in Shep's clothing they goe:
They might be destroy'd.
but I know, &c.

There be many men,
that Devotion pretend.
And makes us beleeve,
that true fath they'l defend,

¶
These times in one day,
to Church they will gos.
They covon the world,
but I know, &c,
There be many rich men,
both Peoman and Gentry.
That for their owne private
hurt a whole Country gain
By cloathing free common.
yet they'l make as though.
Iwere for commons good,
but I know, &c.
There be divers Papists,
that to save their Fine,
Come to Church once a month
to heare Service Divine,
The Pope gives them power,
as they say to doe so,
They save money by'to,
but I know, &c.
There be many upstarts,
that spring from the Cart,
that gotten to the Court,
play the Gentleman's part:
Their fathers were plain-men,
they scouie to be so,
They thinke themselves brave,
but I know, &c.
There be many Officers,
men of greates place,
To whome if one sue,
for their labour and grace,
He must brybe their servants,
while they make as though,
They know no such thing,
but I know, &c.

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There be many woman,
that seeme very pure,
A kisse from a stranger,
they'l hardly endire:
They are like Lucrecia,
modest in shew;
I will accuse none,
but I know what I know.

Likewise there be many,
dissembling men,
That seeme to hate Drunking,
and Whoring yet when
They meet with a Welsh,
to the Taverne they'l goe;
They are civil all day,
but I know, &c.

There be many Batchelours,
that so beguile,
Beloving kind Lasses,
use many a wile,
They all swear that they love,
when they meane nothing so,
And boast of these tricks,
but I know, &c.

There's many an Usurer,
that like a Drone,
Doth idely live,
upou his moneys lone,
From tens unto hundreds,
his mouy doth grow:
He sayes he does god,
but I know, &c.

There be many Gallants,
that goe in gay rayment,
For which the Taylo,
did ne'r receive payment,
They rusle it out,
with a gorgious shew,
Some take them for Knights,
but I know, &c.

G There be many Roters,
that swagger and rore,
G As though they f. th' warre had;
G seven yeares and moe. (bin,
G And yet they ner loke
in the face of a Foe:
G They seeme gallant Sparkes,
but I know, &c.

G There's many both women,
and men that appeare.
G With beautifull out sides,
the worlds eyes to blear:
G But all is not gold,
that doth glister in shew,
They are fine with a por,
but I know, &c.

G There is many rich Trades.
who live by deceit, (men
G And in weight and measure,
the poore they doe cheat,
They'l not sweare an oath,
but indeed I and no,
They truly protest,
but I know, &c.

G There be many people.
so given to strife,
G That they'l goe to law,
for a two penny knife.
G The Lawyer ne'r askes them,
why they doe so,
He gets by their hate,
but I know, &c.

G I know there be many,
will carpe at this Ballad,
G Because it is like,
sowre sawce to their Pallat:
G But he, she, or they,
let me tell ers I goe,
If they speak against t his song,
I know what I know. Finis.